

The Saturday Evening Post.

Vol. V.—No. 4.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 22, 1854.

Whole No. 115.

TERMS—\$1 00 per annum, payable in advance.
\$1 00 if not paid within the year, and
\$1 25 (in advance) for six months.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, back of No. 53 Market street, four doors below Second, North side.

ADVERTISEMENTS, not exceeding a square,
inserted three times for \$1—larger space pro-
portionally—liberal discounts made to subscribers.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

The Slave Ship was winding her course o'er the
ocean,
The winds and the waters had sunk into rest,
All hush! was the hush of the tempest's commo-
tion.

But late had awoken the sailor's devotion,
When terror had kindled remorse in his breast.
And onward she rode though by courses attended,
The heavy with guilt was the freight that she
bore.

Flashed with shrieks of despair was the midnight air
round,
And countless the groans of the wretches ascended,
That from friends and from country forever she
tore.

On the deck, with his head on his fetter'd hand
rested,
He, who once was a chief, and warrior, stood;
The moment he gain'd, by his loss unmoored,
To think of his wrongs, and the fate he detested.

Till madness was firing his brain and his blood,
"Oh, never!" he murmur'd in anguish, "no,
never!"

These limbs shall be torn from my mental's toil;
They have left me, my bride—but they shall not
forever
Your chief from his home and his country dis-
sever—

No! never will I be the conqueror's spoil!"
Say! long didst thou wait for my coming, my
mother!

Didst thou bend o'er the desert, my sisters, your
eyes?
And weep at the lengthen'd delay of your brother,
As each slow passing moment was chased by an-
other.

And still he appeared not your tears to dry?
But ye shall—yes, again ye shall fondly em-
brace me!

We will meet, my young bride, in the land of
the blest!
Death, death, once again in my country shall
place me.

One bond shall forever from fetters release me!
He burst them! and sunk in the ocean's dark
breast.

EMMA.

Lines on reading the "Isle of Flowers," written by Rosa.

And why, why not go to that beautiful Isle?
Where Nature's gay charms so transcendently
smile—

Where flowers luxuriant sport in the gale,
And mingle their breath with the breeze you in-
hale?

Where the orange, the citron, their sweetness
unfold,
Which appear to the eye polished clusters of gold,
And yield their perfume to the zephyrs that play
Thro' the blossoms enrich'd by the sun's mellow
ray!

Or peeringly dimple the crystallized tide,
O'er whose bosom so mild would our fairy bark
glide!

Then from home and its charms, oh! will you
not go?
To this "beautiful Isle," no, do not say no;
For sure in a clime so delightful as this,
Even an exile would find a fond haven of bliss.

ELLEN.

Lines.

Ah! there once was a time when midst pleasure
I dwelt,
And the joys of affection and happiness felt;
When I rose with the lark, was as blithe and as
gay.

And welcomed with pleasure each glorious day,
When oft they'd the fields and the meadows I'd
range.

And list with delight to the soft evening dove,
Or the lowing of herds as they grazed on the
plain.

Whose sounds were re-echo'd again and again;
But now and reverse!—the bright glorious day,
Amidst its charms, I should look to the sky,
The notes of the robin which float on the breeze,
Confound'd with the lark's, have long ceased to
please!

For oh! he is gone, who with me oft did share
These glowing delights of the bright glorious day,
Whose voice was the lark's, and whose song was
the dove's.
He is gone—ah! too true! and left me alone
To wander the scenes where often he shone;
And as I retrospectively look on the past,
Present the sad image of woe and despair.

ELLAR.

But man is the creature of pleasure and wealth,
Of swearing, and loud-roaring mirth;
And evening beholds him seek pleasure by stealth,
Regardless of character, kindred, or health—
A shame, a disgrace to the earth!

But others are kind in their way, and appear
To act with a view to your pleasure;
But ah! they are hollow, and when they're most
dear.

Most cheerful and tender, then most should we
fear—
They smile at the prospect of treasure.

And some would be friendly, but ah! they sup-
pose
That you must submit to their will;
Your judgment must bend to the thoughts they
propose.

And when they have learned you their yes and their
no's,
They think you can argue with skill.

Away with them all—for the man who is free,
Looks down on their pitiful lot—
You! rather the hermitage lonely give me,
Where the sweet-singing robin shall perch on the
tree,

And happiness dwell in my cot.
Where the thoughts of my heart shall grow simple
and pure,
And nature in innocence play—
Where my cares and desires shall still become
obey.

And where bright religion shall worship secure,
As I kneel by my altar to pray.
Philadelphia, Jan. 20th, 1850. ALONZO.

THE FUTURE.

In childhood's gay and thoughtless hour,
Which might but dreams of bliss inspire,
Through bright anticipation's power,
'Tis future joys we most desire.

At last arrived at manhood's strength,
The disappointment's sting we feel,
Why scorn we vainly to lament
When future hope some balm may yield?

In wintry age with chilling cares,
With woes and sorrows quite oppress;
Why struggle we through life's deep snare,
But for the future to be blest.

DECEMBER.

A Highland Girl's address to her Lover.

Adieu! since thou art forc'd to roam
"O'er ocean wilds—adieu from me!
Oh, think upon your Highland home,
Our native glen—where merrily
We oft in joyousness have liv'd,
And fondly truly—dearly lov'd.

Where'er you go, still think on me,
For I must love thee, tho' we part;
Each thought, each prayer, shall be for thee—
Each throb of my adoring heart.

Will I ever be those my Highland youth,
In lasting unobtain'd truth.

My Love! tell me where you go,
All that surrounds thee where you go;
That beauty, that brightness, that glow,
And pleasure sparkle in thy way,
And joy will attend thee hours,
Thou'll revel in thy happy hours.

They tell me too, that all is bright
And pleasing to the youthful eye,
That all is happy—hence are light,
And looms there never a sigh—
Ah! no my Love! death every rose,
A baneful adder doth repose.

Though pleasure, beauty, joy be near thee,
Thy heart will, in the Highland home,
Remain unchang'd, and I'll not fear thee,
Love never would be ever near me—
Thou'll not forget where'er you be,
For I must love thee, tho' we part.

Thou'll bring flowers to me, then I'll sing
"Gay as the Lark, when on the morn
He carols in the balmy air,
Admiring Nature, bounteous fair.

Then fare thee well! Let beauty smile,
And pleasure spread her charms round thee,
I care not, for 'twill not beguile
Thy heart, thy faithful heart from me—
Know, that wherever'er you roam,
I'll be in your own Highland home.

SELM.

I love to climb the mountain's rocky side,
And from its summit view the scenes around;
To bend my wand'ring steps without a guide,
Through climes and regions yet by man un-
found.

I love to contemplate the rugged sea,
When frowning surges lash the craggy shore;
Or, seated in my bark, I love to be,
Amidst the din and danger of its roar.

To trace the river to its sylvan source,
Through each wide pass, through every hollow
glade,
In dreary solitudes to view its course,
Remote and distant from the haunts of men.

Lines inscribed on a skull.

Go, ye airy tenants of these halls,
The shadows whom spirits tempt their mould-
ering ways!

Go, ye golden visions of the mind,
The glowing thoughts, the sentiment, the ideal;
Go in the night, whose vaporous bright
Could enliven the form of horror with delight;
Go, ye airy tenants of the lightning's robe,
Beyond the starry structure of the globe,
Here laughing pleasure sweeten'd her purpling sail
To beauty's breath, and joy's melodious gale;
Here glory rear'd her glided throne's sublime,
Here passion's purple stream'd the nap of time;
Here was a life's tree, whose verdant arms
Gave to the soul its food.

These pendant globes of vegetable gold;
These crowded streets in fancy's maze we find,
And here the splendid palace of the mind;
Here seraph thoughts were fondled in the rays
Of evanescent light, from religion's lake;
But where are now these sparkling spirits? where
The airy populace that mingled here?
Richter than Babel! Babel, where art thou,
Greater than Thudum—where is Thudum now?
Taken substantially by Shakespeare and Byron.

THE ADIEU.

Written on leaving a favorite place.

Adieu to the grove, to the hill and the plain,
Adieu, O ye songsters, farewell to your strain;
Adieu to the meadow, the brook and the field,
Adieu to my walks when the evenings are mild.

The spring will return, the birds sweetly sing,
These birds and these vales with their melody ring;
The tame robin-breast, the lark, and the thrush,
Will send their sweet music from every bush.

Their songs once were pleasing, now mournful
to me,
They sing in the grove where I never may be;
They tell me I never may hear them again.

I walk'd by the side of a murmuring stream,
The waters roll'd sweetly—how pleasant they
were!

They once were delightful, no longer they cheer,
Alas! I must leave you—I give you a tear.

I go far away, but the fields still remain,
Perhaps I never shall see them again;
Their green turf-brown another shall tread
When death's gloomy shadow envelopes my head.

KEZIA.

The following lines were occasioned by the
death of a young lady, the survivor of two daugh-
ters—on whom, after her sister's decease, her pa-
rents' affections were united with increased fond-
ness; but she died only a few months afterwards.

When sad darkness shrouded gloom,
Vell's sweet nature's smiling brow;
Lost is all her charming bloom,
No more the zephyr's perfume—
No smiles no more, but all is darkness now.

See! the world's bright place!
Hark! the dead's thunder roar!
Heaven-born light prevails—but to
Laughing life's radiant hour,
Heavenly peace to earth restores.

So when sorrow's storm prevails,
When affliction's clouds surround
Hope's horizon; pleasure's gale,
On its downy pinions sails,
For some heavenly Eden bode.

Lovely girl! where sorrow's storm,
Desolation's blast announced;
When thy sweet nature's bloom,
Each pulse with health and vigor warm,
Sunk as the culture death upon its victim pour-
ed.

In the rainbow's smiles were seen,
His promises writ on thy brow,
Hope in thy eye, with "how serene"
Reflected stood thy heavenly form;
Promised a brighter sky—yet all is darkness now.

D. W. Y.

NIGHT.

On a calm summer eve, when the haze
Of Sol's declining beams was fading fast,
And cast a ring of red upon the clouds
That seem'd to hover round his broad expanse;

I left my hut, beneath a mountain side
To view the varied scenes, which Nature's hand
Diffuses lavishly through all creation.
At every step new scenes appear before me,
New beauties break upon my sight; each ridge
Reflects the dappled glare, and from the wave,
With less a splendor, back the light recoils.

To trace its distant way, to worlds unknown,
Night's subtle current creeps upon the void,
As slowly from the arch the rays recede,
Till but one little space is left, where all
A while remains, until they sink,
And darkness undisturbed reigns o'er heaven,
Silence and slumber o'er the world be-
st.

W. X. Y.

THE SLAVE.

I ask'd a wretched negro why—
He sigh'd in answer deep,
And of the wretch his manly eye,
So oft was seen to weep?

He said—"I imagine you were born
Across the ocean's wave,
And from your friends and kindred torn,
To be like me—a slave!"

I ask'd him why he did not bend,
Nor at his lot complain;
Until a happier day should send
The adamant chain.

He cry'd, "no day can end my doom,
No ray of hope's horizon's light,
Nought but the night within the tomb,
For I am a slave for life!"

I told him he was happier far,
Than thousands here below;
Provided he no cares could bear,
His joys, or ease his woe.

"True, true," he cry'd, "as from his eye
The twinkling tears flash'd free;
But for my wretched slave's life,
And for his loved liberty!"

He told him, and could not restrain
The floods of his tears;
And said, "I give you the chain,
And bid the slave depart."

Oh, you, who count for him free,
Oh, you, who heart resemble steel,
Think but yourself a slave!

MILFORD BARD.

ages she seemed to have derived from edu-
cation, was its having called into action those
faculties which would have otherwise been
obscur'd by the artless innocence of unin-
formed and unconscious modesty.

At a ball, to which Mrs. Pembroke was a
constant visitor, that her fair sister might be
indulged in every proper amusement, and
mingled with the high circle of life, in which
her birth and fortune had placed her, she en-
gaged the notice, and, as she was soon taught
to believe, the affections of Mr. Howell, an
officer in a regiment of dragoons, which was
then quartered in the city.

On the following day the young officer attended in Mrs. Pem-
broke, and supporting his pretensions by a
candid account of his fortune and family, en-
cumbered her permission to pay his addresses
to her grand-daughter. As no objections
could be made, and as the propriety of his
conduct recommended him in some degree,
she made no scruple to comply with his re-
quest, and added to this indulgence assuran-
ces of her best offices in his favor.

Nor was his suit to the fair Matilda long
proffered in vain. Mr. Howell possessed an
agreeable person, and engaging manners; he
had lived with the world, and was what is
commonly called a polite and accomplished
man; though his understanding was only of the
middle rate, and his knowledge of that
superficial kind which is acquired, without
study, by a converse with the higher classes
of mankind. As Matilda's heart was whol-
ly unengaged, and Mr. Howell was the first
who had seriously offered incense at the
shrine of her beauty, she soon acknowledged
a preference for him. Settlements were ad-
justed, and an union immediately took place,
in which every circumstance conspired to
promise complete and lasting felicity.

But the views of men are too often clouded
by the mists of passion, prejudice and im-
punity; they extend not to the distant pros-
pects of future events; too eager to hesi-
tate; too opinionated to doubt, and too de-
termined to be convinced, we rush blindly
into precipices replete with danger; an urged
on by the delusions of hope, embrace the
shadowy phantoms of untried expectations,
which in the moment to change their appear-
ance, and exhibit the horrid spectacles of dis-
appointment, dissatisfaction and disgust.

Such was the case with the unfortunate
Mrs. Howell. The gay, the smiling, the ob-
sequious lover, was soon metamorphosed into
the insipid, the dull, the morose husband,
and all her dreams of conjugal happiness
vanished with the insupportable pleasures of
the nuptial pageantry.

Mr. Howell employed his first three months
in arranging his establishment, and exhibiting
his wife at public places; but the former was
soon completed, and the latter became as
quickly tiresome and disagreeable; and be-
fore six months were expired, one half of his
time was engaged at the gaming table, and
the other in the pursuit of pleasure equally
injurious and disagreeable.

To add to the despatch of the neglected
Matilda, at this critical period, she had the
misfortune to lose the representative of her
parents, her kind and indulgent grand-
mother; and the mortification to be refused the
solicited company of Mr. Howell, in her jour-
ney to pay the last tribute of grateful affec-
tion to the honored protectress of her early
years.

Nor did the wretched husband long main-
tain even the appearance of civility; every
man of ill-humor produced a disease, which was
sure to visit it if upon his under-standings;
and every disappointment in his criminal pur-
suits, was the source of contempt and insult to
the wretched partner of his bed.

As he never could seem to make her his
confidante, she was a total stranger to the real
state of his affairs, though she could not but
remark the mortification of his constant un-
satisfactions, and she succeeded to the effects of
her grand-mother, which were by no means
inconsiderable, she thought it prudent when
she attended to her husband to make a
trifling reserve, as he was now so sparing
of his purse to her, that she could hardly ob-
tain enough from him to purchase little ne-
cessaries, which could not be comprised in
those trifles which she paid for with her
own daily practice; and with a view to
prevent the necessity of those applications to
Mr. Howell, which always occasioned ill hu-
mor and frequently ill usage, she had by
three hundred pounds when she presented
her husband with twice as many thousands.

After spending the night abroad Mr. How-
ell returned one morning at a time rather un-
usual, and found his wife at breakfast in her
dressing room, into which he rudely en-
tered, thrust himself into a chair, and with wild
disordered looks, directed a servant to order a
chaise for New Market.

As Mrs. Howell, suspecting he labored under
some pecuniary distress, and from her usual
approaching her husband, and in her way to
the cabinet, where her three hundred pounds
were deposited, she had her hand on lock, and
kindly told him she was sorry to see him so
happy and flattered herself she could contri-
bute to his relief.

Roused from a state of sudden stupidity by
this tender application, she started from her
chair, and with the most brutal rage made a
blow at the devoted Matilda, with such vio-
lence and effort as nearly to lay her lifeless;
and bleeding at her feet—and having in this
wretched state, he rushed out of the house,
informing the servant that opened the door
for him that his mistress was ill and wanted the
assistance of a doctor.

As he believed he had dispatched the un-
fortunate Matilda, he thought it prudent to
take shelter in the Continent, and embarked
in a packet which he found just ready to sail
for Ostend.

But the event proved less fatal than might
have been expected—the blow which de-
prived her of her senses, occasioned no materi-
al injury, and the blood which had exuded
such terror in her husband, had flowed only
from her nose. She was soon recovered from
her swoon. She was soon recovered from
her swoon. She was soon recovered from
her swoon.

After a fresh proof that her life was in
extreme danger, she continued to live
with a ruffian, devoid of even the common
principles of humanity, and a stranger to those
feelings which excite tenderness and respect
for the female sex in the most savage na-
tions of the world, she determined to return
from the house of her husband, and seek pro-
tection where she might avoid his further per-
secution by remaining unknown.

In consequence of these determinations, it
was resolved, that the most likely way to elude
the search of her husband, and to provide
that maintenance which her scanty provisions
which she had had in reserve, could by no
means furnish, would be to place herself as a
companion to a lady in some respectable fami-
ly; a situation in which she could not incur
the smallest risk of discovery.

A few days afterwards she placed herself
with the sisters of the earl of Duncannon,
two amiable women, whose penetration soon
discovered that there was some secret in the
history of their new companion; a discovery
which excited an additional degree of that
tenderness to which their dispositions natu-
rally inclined them—and with a delicate pecu-
liar to excited minds, they strove by assidui-
ties of kindness, to lessen the weight of mis-
fortunes into which they did not think them-
selves at liberty to enquire.

Nor did the appearance of this beautiful
stranger escape the notice of the earl of Dun-
cannon. Disappointed by the authority of an
inexorable parent in the gratification of his
second passion, his heart had remained free from
a second enthrallment; and he had reached the
age of thirty-two years, without having been
prevailed on by the solicitations of his friends,
to enter into engagements which might
afford hopes of perpetuating a family, the
honors of which would expand in him-
self. But the still lovely Matilda excited sen-
sations in his mind to which he had long been
a stranger; and the conversations he enjoyed
at those meals of which the indulgent ladies
had constantly compelled him to partake at
their own tables, having assured him that he
could find with her that happiness, the loss
of which he had so long lamented, he medi-
tated the means of discovering the real name
and condition of the fair inmate, and deter-
mined, if it should turn out as he expected,
to offer her his hand and his heart.

Some time Mrs. Howell was informed by
her friends that her husband had returned to
England as soon as he was assured of his safe-
ty; but had expressed much less concern at
the flight of his wife, than at the other conse-
quences: advantage of which had been taken
by his creditors, whom he found in possession
of his house and effects, but which proving
insufficient to satisfy their demands, he was
arrested by one of them for one hundred
and fifty pounds and remained imprisoned
for that sum.

On the receipt of this intelligence she hesi-
tated a moment to endorse in an accom-
panied letter written in a feigned hand, two
thirds of her little stock, earnestly exhorting
him as a friend who did not choose to disclose
herself, to engage in some honorable employ-
ment, and to abandon those paths which led
to certain destruction; but she had the mor-
tification to learn that her advice proved un-
availing, and that after his release from con-
finement, he had pursued the same line of
conduct, till some disgraceful and dishonora-
ble transaction had compelled him to disap-
pear; and that for some time, his retreat had
been known even to his most particular friends.

Matters were in this situation when, on a
journey from his castle in Duncannon to his
villa in the neighborhood of the town, lord
Duncannon's coach, which contained his sisters,
Mrs. Howell and himself, was stopped by a
single highwayman, during the absence of
the only servant who attended it, and who
had accidentally loitered behind the carriage;
and the highwayman having presented his
pistol to the bosom of one of the ladies, they
were busily employed in collecting their
money when Mrs. Howell gave a loud shriek
and instantly fainted.

At this moment the servant alarmed at the
shriek, hastened to get up with the carriage;
which being observed by the robber, he with-
drew his pistol from the coach, and discharg-
ed it unsuccessfully at the servant, who re-
turned the fire and lodged the contents of his
pistol into the body of the unfortunate plun-
derer.

During this transaction Mrs. Howell had re-
mained in a state of insensibility, from which
she recovered by the assistance of lord Dun-
cannon, who was soon accompanied by his
sisters, and no sooner opened her eyes than
she turned them on the body of the high-
wayman, and having exclaimed, "my husband,"
she relapsed again into the state from
which she had been summoned to inex-
pressible anguish.

It is impossible to describe the horror of
the scene, or the consternation of the terri-
fied ladies and their still more anxious brother.
The first care of the latter was to get the body
removed to the next village, which was ef-
fected by the arrival of an empty post chaise,
which was on its return from the metropolis;
and the second and more important was the re-
covery of the widow, and in this view, he had
the happiness to succeed, though he was
obliged to suspend a curiosity which had
been long excited.

At length the afflicted Matilda became more
composed, and at the earnest request of the
ladies, suggested by their impatient brother,
entered into a detail of those circumstances
which had produced such affliction and alarm-
ing events—a recital which, whilst it excited
the tenderest pity in the hearts of the amia-
ble sisters, conveyed inexpressible satisfac-
tion to their worthy brother, who now saw so
unimpeded to the hopes he had long enter-
tained that he might be at liberty to offer the
partition of his house and fortune to her
who already possessed his heart.

Nor was the gentle Matilda insensible to
the virtues and personal accomplishments of
the generous Duncannon; with modest diffi-
dence she vowed eternal obligation, and in
the acknowledgments of her gratitude, be-
trayed the situation of her heart—a discovery
of which her admirer did not fail to avail him-
self, in earnest solicitation to render his hap-
piness complete, which she was easily pre-
vailed on to promise; and as soon as an agency
would permit, she received the reward of
her virtues in the hand of the truly noble
Duncannon, a much more valuable gift than
the house and fortune with which it was ac-
companied.

Hence, let not the virtuous doubt but they
are the peculiar care of that Being whose dis-
pensations are always just, and who, even in
this life, seldom fails to distinguish them by
bestowing the choicest and most desirable
blessings. Hence, let the virtuous tremble,
and whilst he beholds the unoffending victim
of hostility prove the innocent instrument
of punishment, let him learn that the laws he
has transgressed are never to be violated with
impunity; and that, however long he may
escape receiving the reward of his crimes, the
vengeance of Heaven will overtake him at
last, and that to a degree strictly propor-
tioned to the nature and extent of his offence.

CHRISTIANITY.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

(By H. H. Swann, Esq. of N. J.)

"Even as the thunder that rolls down
the mountain's side, when the storm is at its height,
so the fate of genius is a storm of fire,
which the lightning of the world can never reach."
Byron's "Maiden of Shalottide."

When the relentless hand of death deprives
us forever of all that was dear and cherished,
when the fell destroyer prostrates the lovely
and loved, and life seems to have no charm
to wean us from the grave, we then the
agency of grief in the secret recesses of our
hearts, and in silence and solitude, mourn
over our fallen hopes, and the perished dream
that beguiled our early morning of existence.

When the statesman, patriot, or warrior, de-
scends alike to the lonely mansions of the
tomb, the pomp of pageantry, all that can im-
press the beholder with a feeling of reverence
for "the mighty dead," accompanies them,
"a nation weeps the funeral cry," and their
names go down to posterity, adorned with all
the honors and triumphs of a glorious
country can bestow. But in the private
sphere of exalted genius, in the sudden de-
parture of all that was bright and noble in in-
tellect, there is a mournful feeling, "a kind-
red sympathy with aim that set," a "some-
thing softer than sadness that pervades the
heart, and impresses it more deeply with the
uncertainty of life, and the instability of all
human enjoyment. Genius has no country,
its home is the world, all are alike ready to
pay it homage, and thousands that would post-
poned the death of the patriot or sage of
other climes, would feel it as duty, as an im-
pulse directed by the finer feelings of the
heart, to breathe a sigh to the memory of dis-
torted genius.

There is something that appears fated to de-
stroy early in life, the young and ardent mind;
a consuming fire burns upon the spirit, a com-
muning of deep thoughts wastes the frame,
and the brighter the intellectual light burns
within, the sooner the mortal thrall that binds
the spirit, decays, and returns to its native
dust. Some have, indeed, lingered out a life
of want and indigence, like the immortal Shere-
dan, receiving the world's cold pity, while
others like the unfortunate Chatterton have
anticipated the approach of death, and sought
in an early grave, that "dreamless sleep,"
which is the last refuge of blighted hopes,
and fallen fortunes, from the storms and un-
certainty of life.

Look on the youthful poet, with him the
world is yet young, and all is drest in joy and
gladness—the elements he breathes, the flowers
that bloom in their fragrance around him,
all are a source of pleasure, pure, holy and
unalloyed. He sees the world as men do
a bright and beautiful picture; to him it is a
scene of calm and undisturbed delight, for he
is a stranger to its sorrows, and has never
wept over the desolation of the heart, or the
deceptive mockery that destroys the first en-
ergies of youthful existence—he goes in silent
adoration on the midnight moon, and seeks the
solitude of the lonely wood, and listens to the
sighing of the breeze and murmur of the wa-
ters. He loves the nights for the world is
quiet, and he is left alone with his own high
thoughts. He stretches forth his hand, and the
shadowy figures of the invisible world are be-
fore him, the "firmless and void." But,
there is in his eye a bright and unearthly light;
there is in his cheek a flush, but not of health;
the spring comes in joy and gladness; the

